

THE CHAPBOOK No 15
(A MONTHLY MISCELLANY) September 1920



OLD BROADSIDE BALLADS

Collected and Edited, with Reproductions
in facsimile, and Introduction by
C. LOVAT FRASER

ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE NET

THE CHAPBOOK

[A MONTHLY MISCELLANY]

POETRY AND DRAMA : a quarterly periodical, appeared four times in 1913 and four times in 1914. Then its publication was suspended on account of the war.

Its object was to provide a complete record of the poetry and drama of the day.

Its place has been filled since the war by other periodicals planned on similar lines.

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Reproduced from Original Examples
in Facsimile

with
An Introductory Note by
C. LOVAT FRASER



THE CHAPBOOK
(A Monthly Miscellany)
No. 15. SEPTEMBER 1920

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A SHORT NOTE ON THE BROADSIDE

THE BROADSIDE is matter printed on one side of a single sheet. The sheet that has print on both sides, although commonly called a Broadside, can hardly claim the title as, by its form, it loses the poster feature that is an essential to the Broadside proper and it should therefore be classed as a "single sheet" and recognised as a genus apart.

In England the Broadside is nearly as old as printing. An example from the press of Wynkyn de Worde was recently sold by auction, and the early years of Henry VIII. probably saw the Broadside in common use as a vehicle for popular verse. From this reign down to about 1860, when newspaper competition was driving the last nail into the Ballad-monger's coffin, the Broadside was an important item in the street life of English towns. From the black-lettered folio sheet of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries down to the paltry affairs of the eighteenth-seventies with their flimsy coloured papers, the Broadside was to be met with not only in the crowded places of cities but in the packs of the solitary pedlars, trudging the footpath across moors or fields to the lonely farm-house on Dartmoor or the crofter's cottage in Cumberland.

What was their form? What matter did they contain? It is difficult to epitomise so vast a range. They were certainly not confined to songs, "amorous or jovial;" nor yet to folk ballads, although these were important classes and sure of steady sales at all times in all ages that treated Song as a necessity. But the Broadside could be in turn satire, political weapon, the chronicle of some contemporary event, epithalamium, elegy, dirge, tract, protest, "last dying speech" of a criminal, lament, account of murder, rape or robbery, catastrophe, national or personal, carol or whatever else the occasion demanded. The Broadside covered a field, in short, that has since been usurped by the newspaper, with this curious difference, that, whereas to-day we are content to swallow our news in the baldest of prose, our ancestors for three or four hundred years insisted on having theirs in verse—with a tune to it into the bargain.

Broadsides were bought direct from the printers in wholesale bundles by two distinct classes of purchasers. First came the regular Ballad-singers or "Chaunters," concerned solely with the sale of Broadsides and corresponding to our newsboys. These sang and sold their songs in the streets and public places of towns, at fairs, executions or wherever the gathering appeared to justify it. The second class was provided by the itinerant Chapmen, "flying stationers" or pedlars, who included Broad-side ballads among their stock of ribbons, laces, caps, threads, cheap finery and the hundred and one odds and ends that constituted their varied stock in trade. These they hawked in their packs in villages, wayside inns, and at the doors of isolated farms in less frequented ways. In this second category stands Autolycus, whose "ballads in print" formed but a fraction of his trading. The two classes of hawker had one important point in common: when buying their stock from the printers each was careful to be instructed in the "excellent new tunes" or in the old airs to which the ballads had been set, so that they in turn would be also able to pass on to their customers the ballad in its complete form. For your penny entitled you to the tune as well. Broadsides, when purchased, were usually posted up on walls, in the great old fireplaces, on the settles of inns, by romantic milkmaids on the walls of dairies and byres—wherever, in fact, they would arrest the eye, and act as pictures do to-day. Here they remained until defaced by time or another coating of whitewash or were ousted by newer favourites.

In form, the Broadside of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries varied but little. They were printed in black letters lengthwise down folio sheets of paper, with or without woodcut blocks. Slightly later was adopted the method of printing two quarto sheets side by side, so as to form a page of four or more short, parallel columns, which had the advantage of folding naturally into half when being placed in a pocket.

In the seventeenth century the Roman type began to be employed with the Gothic black letter, and gradually displacing it until the black letter survived only in the heading or occasionally

in proper names. It died hard enough, however, and is sometimes to be met with as late as the opening years of the eighteenth century. The seventeenth century may be taken as the hey-day of the Broadside. The Civil Wars alone must have produced their thousands of sheets. Martin Parker—the reputed author of “When the King enjoys his own again”—was one of the most active of the printers and announced publications by the distych :

“Whatever it was published by me
Was known by Martin Parker or M.P.”

The Broadside even began to be fashionable, and it is recorded of the young sparks of the Universities that they formed collections and bartered duplicates amongst fellow enthusiasts as schoolboys now with postage stamps. Pepys, with his keen, living curiosity, bought Seldon's collection and, augmenting it with contemporary examples, bequeathed it to Cambridge, no unimportant item of the Pepysian library. Besides the Pepysian, the other great collections are the Harleian, the Roxburgh, the specimens gathered by Anthony à Wood and the “Bagford Ballads.” These, with but few scattered exceptions, are all that time has spared of the countless thousands of sheets that were printed in England prior to the year 1700.

The eighteenth century saw the beginning of the Broadside's decline. The newspaper had entered the field, and through the merits of the *Postboy* and *The Daily Courant*, with their columns of news, their Stock Exchange notices, scandal and advertisements, the Broadside fell from grace in the eyes of the polite classes and became more and more associated with farmers, fox-hunting squires, soldiers, sailors and such unsophisticated folk who were atavistic enough to love the ballads still and not to be put off with “Verses in the manner of Mr. P-pe,” or “Mr. C-ll-y C-bb-r Answered.” The demand was apparently almost as considerable as before, only the quarter from which that demand came had shifted. Where eighteenth century Taste and Gentility reared twin heads, the Broadside vanished and sought in simpler homes its dwelling. The printers, however, did not

do their duty as before. They may have realised that they were catering for a public that was more easily satisfied and less experienced in print; they may have been so sure of their sales that they grew careless, but whatever was the reason, the inferior, greenish tea-paper, the battered and often inappropriate blocks, and the worn type all bore unmistakable signs of deterioration. The Broadside was not what it had been, but the worst was not to come for another hundred and thirty years. The folio was still employed, but rarely lengthwise and almost always in the short, parallel columns. Towards the year 1720 the long, narrow slip began to be employed for shorter songs and topical squibs. This form survived in common use till about 1830, when it was superseded by the composite song sheet—*i.e.*, two, three or more songs crowded on the single page. Hogarth, in the last scene of "The Industrious and Idle Apprentices," shews a Ballad-singer selling copies of the "victim's last dying speech" on long, narrow sheets. The folio still stood its ground as being the only possible size that could contain the longer ballad and its use was retained as a medium for carol sheets late into the eighteen-sixties.

The concluding years of the eighteenth century saw the Broadside confined to sailors, farm-hands and the crowds that witnessed executions and prize-fights. The centre of printing activity had taken up its permanent abode in Seven Dials, and to Monmouth Court in 1810 came James Catnach, the last and in many ways the most remarkable of the printers of street literature. His history has been given in Hindley's books devoted to the work of his press, and around him for thirty years as rhymster, wood-block cutter, author and printer (in no branch pre-eminent or presentable), the busy world of street publishing centred and eddied. His output was prodigious, his circulation enormous. He has left it on record that the sale of single Broadside of the Rush and Mannings murders exceeded in each case 2,500,000 copies.

After 1830 the decline of the Broadside became rapid. The sheets dwindled to small quarto size (10 in. by 7 in.). The paper had not even the same merit of toughness that the old tea-paper

possessed, but was of the consistency of tissue paper. "Composite" sheets came into being and finally replaced the graceful, narrow slips that were unable to cope with more than one song at a time. Frequently the blocks were so roughly handled that it was impossible to decipher their original intention. The printers used whatever came to hand and appeared to revel in the inappropriate. "There are really happy hours before us yet" was headed by an urn inscribed with the word "Finis" and overshadowed by a weeping willow, and this but one instance out of a thousand. Blocks were pressed into service that had evidently been cut for advertisements, and all sense of the old tradition of balance of print and decoration was lost. The type, the worn, battered and undistinguishable refuse of better printers, smudged its dreary way illegibly down the page, and as often as not disappeared into a smear of grey ink. Coloured papers were sometimes employed, orange, pink, magenta, with no improvement. Still, though the old spirit was well-nigh dead, they were Broad-sides yet, and still amid tirades on the crinoline or "bustle" there appeared occasionally a fine folk song or an old ballad. The newspaper was now recognised and the Broad-side ballad was relegated to the back streets and outer fastnesses. Even as late as 1880 a Chaunter, if he kept not to the most crowded thoroughfare, could dispose of "a few dozens of a good murder," and in the early 'nineties the last descendents of Autolycus could be found sitting on soap boxes in the Farringdon Road, the railings behind them festooned with song sheets for a ha'penny.

There is still an old Ballad printer in existence, but Broad-sides are to him a faint memory. On the West Coast of Ireland still can be found occasional Ballad-mongers, but now what little spark that yet flickered is being rapidly extinguished by abominations known as "Monster Songsters."

The Broad-side has provided a running commentary on English history for the last three or four hundred years. It would be possible to create a history of England from the Broad-side that would have the same relation to "Green's Short History" as a delicate skeleton leaf would to the living specimen. Here is

the comment of the much-maligned Man in the Street throughout the ages, from the defeat of the Armada to the Gladstone Budget. Apart, also, from political usefulness, it possesses other values no less important. From Tudor to Victorian times it has been the vehicle of every kind of ballad. It has proved, if proof were necessary, that the folk ballad that rose from the ashes of the mediæval metrical romance was as essential to England in 1830 as it was in 1530. Here, if anywhere, will the ballads be found in their entirety. The nineteenth century Broadside has also done a similar service for the shorter folk song, such as " Dame Durden," " The Derby Ram," and " Richard of Taunton Dean." These were issued in several instances by provincial printers, evidently in response to local demand. There is also a sentimental but no less satisfying property in these sheets. In turning over the leaves of a collection, the sense is borne in on one that here are the songs to which Marlborough's troops marched, that this was inspired by Wilks, that that was detested by Canning here is a sea ballad that Nelson must have known, and that this was popular with Wellington's division in the Peninsular. Later still, this ballad was sung at elections by Dizzy's partisans, and how O'Connell's magnetism must have inspired that. Here is a sheet signed " C. Dibdin," a most unusual procedure for a song sheet and only permitted when the author's name was considered of more importance than his matter; and finally this version of " Gather ye Rosebuds," apparently printed at third hand, must have made Herrick twist in his grave. The Broadside is now confined to the catalogues of dealers in old books. It was killed by the newspaper, but there remains the uncomfortable reflection that it died naturally, unlamented and unhonoured, by a nation who had lost the necessity for ballads and whose apathy had hastened its end.

C. LOVAT FRASER.

In Memory of the Right Valiant, and most Renowned Souldier, Col. RAINSBOROUGH, late Admirall of the narrow Seas.



SEt thou that Starre, which newly has its station,
In bright Coronets heaverly Constellation.
It's gallant *Rainsboroughs* passage way to blisse,
Who as he pass'd, guilded the Orisier.
Leaving thy sight, another glimpse of Glory
In the ancients may, be credited in story.
Sure had those Horse-leeches that drew his blood,
Foretold how much, their malice did him good.
The selfe same envy, that did cause his death,
Would have enforced them to prolong his breath.
But as *Cain* dealt with *Abell*, the *Jews* with *Christ*,
And with the Saints, as deathly Antichrist.
So these to him, intending greivous evill,
Do him most good, are cheated by the Devil.
But though Saints dying, gain the living looke,
And so are left Ambiguous for to chooke.
Self-love affects thy presence, though it prove
A greater wrong to thee then heart can move.
Due love to thee, doth willingly consent
To have thy absence, then seems to relent.
However in this, we have had so great a Crosse,
That death of Thousands will not quit the losse.
Where thou art, that did'st this horrid Act,
Matter most bitter teares redeeme the fact.
As to thy soul thou art th' accurs'd wretch
That e're did merit feelingly to stretch.
The strongest halter ever *Caine* wore,
Who had a Thousand Murders on his score.
But if thou glory in thy sin and feare,
Thy Conscience more, then thou may'st justly feare.
That the enraged, dismall, curriish kind
Of the three headed Dog, will tear thy mind.
With damned furies, and this foul surpriz'd,
May never feel joyes that bee eterniz'd.
But it is a friend, it was more then one, that thrice,
Were Partners in this sin, *Axtinivie*.
Of scinds incarnate, great odds, three to one,
And he in's shirt, un weaponed, all alone.
They arm'd completely, had his valiant hand
As erst bin furnish'd, hee'd a made to stand.
Whole Troops of such base villains, and have sent
Some of their Ghosts to Plutoes Regiment.
Had you dealt fairly, it had your honour bin,
And had your case bin right, you'd had no sin.
But to destroy him basely for no cause,
But in intenance of Parliament and Lawes,
Which you pretend to, and for no other thing,
But just defence of the same Crowned King.
Which (seemingly you stand for, this oh this
Would wrong, the patience of a Job, even his,
And then to shew their pedigree and Syre,

Whom truth hath stil'd, a murderer and lyer.
From the begining, you murder by a lyc,
And so fill up your grosse iniquity.
Moreover still to aggravate their guilt,
Marke but the day, on which his blood they spile.
The Lords own day, none else would serve the turne,
For which I fear the furnace where you'l burne,
Must have a seven-fold heate because you durst,
Prophain that seaventh, not fearing to be curst.
And so I leave you, and my selfe addresse,
To those who lov'd and wish'd his happinesse.
Ye worthies high grave Senators of State
Who for your Countries good, early and late,
Sit and consult on, with your fable hne,
In sad laments, they much concerneth you.
Yet stand upright, let not be said for shame,
That now you have lost a Member, 'yare groan lame!
Beware the Foxes, who have hurt you more,
Then Lyons, Tygers, or the Bear, or Bore.
If Heavens successe deny, they'd down to Hell,
By Treacheries or Treaties, any spell.
To work their ends, as many samples shew,
But more conspicuously this fatal blow.
Ye honest Seamen, ye may weep and wyle,
When such these Anchors do begin to file.
And sadly looke, when Heavens so do lower,
That violent stormes have broke in your best Bowes.
Well may you labour wisely to prevent,
Easing mischiefs, when such Malls are spent.
Your glorious towrest of the tallest Trees,
That ever *England* bred, whole Victories.
Can scarce be numberd, who have bravely born
The envy of pressies, turn-coats, Pulpits scorn,
Whereby was stoped the current of his praise,
Who wrought by you such wonders in our dayes?
Your merits high, Heaven's your noble choice,
Therefore your soules most truly may rejoice.
Yet when you see cut down so great an Oak,
By hellish rage I need not to provoke.
Your tender hearts to sighes, or eyes to teares,
Your gravell heads to Councells, oh the feares.
Saints look about you when such Cedars fall,
It sometimes provoketh Epemecall.
But be you as you may, both just and wise,
His fall may prove a glorious sacrifice.
I with his Epilogue of earthly glory,
Prove not the Prologue of a fadder story.
And so conclude, placing his Tombe about,
These lines of truth, ne're to be razed out.
Here lyes brave *Rainsborough* great in Warres Command,
Envoyed of Traytors, both by Sea and Land.
Scourge of Malignants his Countries Champion stout,
As *Driffield*, *Ragland*, *Barkley*, and the Runt,
Of Rebels well can witness, beloved of all,
From meanest Souldier to the brave Generall.
Here lyes the Cabinet, the Jewells, Sword on high,
Till both shall meete to all eternity.

The three Merry Butchers and ten

HIGHWAYMEN.



ILL tell you of a Story,
Of lovely Butchers three;
There's Wilson, Gibson, Johnson,
Mark well what I shall say:
For they took five hundred Pounds Sir,
To pay it all away;
For they took five hundred Pounds Sir,
To pay it all away.

As they rid on the Road,
And as fast as they could tig;
Strike up your Hearts say Johnson,
We'll have a merry Jig:
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a high ding ding ding die;
And God bless all good People,
From evil Company.

As they rid on the Road Sir,
As fast as they cou'd hig;
Strike up your Hearts says Johnson,
For I hear a Woman cry:
With that he stept into the Wood,
And lookt himself all round;
And there he spy'd a Woman,
With her Hair bound to the Ground.

O Woman O Woman qu'rh Johnson,
Hast thou no evil Company:
O no O no says the Woman,
Alas how can that be:
For there came ten swaggering Blades,
And thus abused me;
For there came, &c.

Johnson being of a Valiant Heart,
And bore a Valiant Mind;
He wrapt his Cloak about her,
For to keep her from the Wind:
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a high ding ding ding die;
And God bless all good People,
From evil Company.

Strike up your Hearts says Johnson,
For its dark all in the Sky;
She put her Finger in her Ear,
And gave a squeaking cry:
With that there came ten swaggering Blades,
With their Weapons ready drawn;
And they boldly came to Johnson,
And holder bid him stand.

I will not fight says Wilson,
For I had rather die;
Or I to fight says Gibson,
For I had rather fly:
Come on come on, says Johnson,
And fight a Man so free;
Or stand you still behind my Back,
And I'll win the Victory.

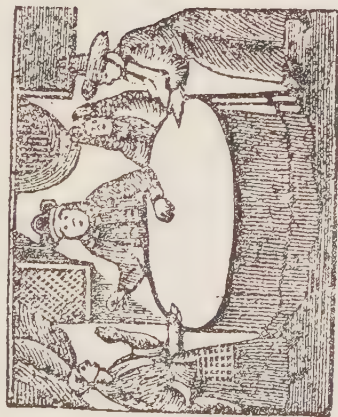
Then Johnson's Pistols they flew off,
Till five of them were slain;
And then he drew his Hanger out,
With all his Might and Main:
And play'd it about so Maufully,
Till three more he had slain;
And play'd it about so Maufully,
Till three more he had slain.

Come on, come on, says the other two,
And let us make away;
For if that we do hold him to't,
Our Lives he'll take away:
O no, O no, quoth the Woman,
And alas how can that be;
For if you do not hold him to't,
Then hang'd you shall be.

Johnson fighting th' two Thieves before,
She knockt him down behind;
O Woman, O Woman, quoth Johnson,
Aas what have you done:
You killed the bravest Butcher,
That ever England won.

Just as she had killed him,
There came one riding by,
And saw the Devil that she had done,
And seized her presently:
She was condemn'd for to be hang'd,
In Iron Chains so strong;
At the Place where she did Johnson,
That great and mighty wrong.

DAME of HONOR; or, HOSPITALITY.



SINCE all the World's turn'd upside down,

And all things chang'd in Nature,
As if a Doubt was newly grown,

We had the fame Creator;

Of ancient Modes-and former Ways,

I'll teach you, Sirs, the Manner,

In good Queen Bess's golden Days,

When I was a Dame of Honor.

I had an ancient noble Seat,

Tho' it is come to ruin:

Where Mutton, Beef, and such good
Meat,

In the Hall was daily chewing:

Of humming Beer, my Cellar full,

I was the yearly Doner;

In Ratafia ne'er made Debauch,
Nor reel'd like 'toping Gunner,
Nor let my Mercer teize my Coach,
When I was a Dame of Honor.

I still preserv'd my maiden Fame,
In spite of Oaths and lying,
Tho' many a long-chin'd Youngster
came,

And fain would be enjoying:

My Fan to guard my Lips I kept,

From Cupid's lewd o'er runner,

And many a Roman Nose I clapt,

When I was a Dame of Honor.

My curling Locks I never bought,

Of Beggars dirty Daughter,

Nor prompted by a wanton Thought
Above Knee ty'd my Garters;

I never glow'd with painted Pride,

Like Punk when the Devil had
won her,

Nor-prov'd a Cheat to be a Bride,

When I was a Dame of Honor.

I treated all my Neighbours round,

And Strangers that come near me,

The poor too always welcome found,

Whose Prayers did still endear me,

Let therefore who at Court would be,

No Churl nor yet no Frowner,

Match in Hospitality,

Queen Bess's Dame of Honor.

F I N I S.

Where toping Knaves had many a
pull,

When I was a Dame of Honor.

My Men of home-spun honest Grey,

Had Coats and comely Badges,

They wore no dirty ragged Lace,

Nor ne'er complain'd for Wages,

For gaudy Fringe & Silks of the Town

I fear'd no threat'ning Dunner,

But wore a decent Groggram Gown,

When I was a Dame of Honor.

I never thought Cantharids,

Ingredient good in Poffet,

Nor never stript me to my Stays,

To play the Punk at Basset;



The Holy Well.

As it fell out one May morning,
and upon one bright holiday ;
sweet Jesus ask'd of his dear mother,
If he might go to play.

To play, to play sweet Jesus you shall go,
and to play pray get you gone ;
and don't let me hear of no complaint,
at night when you come home.

Sweet Jesus went down to yonder town,
as far as the Holy Well,
and there did see as fine children,
as any tongue can tell.

He said, God bless you every one,
and your bodies Christ save and see,
little children shall I play with you,
and you shall play with me.

But they answer'd him no,
they were lords' and ladies' sons,
and I the meanest among them all,
I was but a Maiden's child,
born in an ox's stall.

Sweet Jesus turned him round about,
and he neither laugh'd nor smil'd,
but the tears came trickling from his eyes
like water from the skies.

Sweet Jesus turned him about,
to his mother dear home went he,
he called her mild Mary ;
I have been down in yonder town
as after you may see.

I have been down in yonder town,
as far as the Holy Well ;
there did I meet as fine children,
as any tongue could tell.

I bid God bless them every one,
and their bodies Christ save and see,
little children shall I play with you,
and you shall play with me.

But they answered me no,
they were lords' and ladies' sons,
and I the meanest among them all,
I was but a Maiden's child,
born in an ox's stall.

Though thou art but a Maiden's child,
born in an ox's stall,
thou art the Christ, the King of Heaven,
and the Saviour of them all.

Sweet Jesus go down to yonder town,
as far as the Holy Well ;
and take away those sinful souls,
and dip them deep in hell.

Nay, nay sweet Jesus said,
nay, nay that must not be,
for there are too many sinful souls
crying out for the help of me.

O then bespoke the Angel Gabriel,
upon one good St. Stephen :
although you are but a Maiden's child,
you are the King of Heaven.

Wood, Printer, New Meeting Street, Birmingham.



The Token.

[Sold at No. 42, Long-Lane.]

Printed in April, 1794.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in flays,
Each breaker hoist'd the shore a haze,
When Jack no more in duty call'd,
His treas'ur'd tokens overhaul'd;
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Nancy the poet, I love the muse,
If you loves me as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.

The storm, that I like a ship-less wreck,
Had threw' it with rigging all the deck,
That rars for sharks had given a rest,
And left the ship a hulk: had ceas'd;
When Jack, 's with his messmates dear,
He shai'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco box a quid,
And trel' it for comfort on the lid,
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.

The battle, that with horror grim,
Had mad'y ravag'd life and limb,
Had scouper'd drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife, was o'er;
When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then as his 'bacco box he held,
Restor'd his comfort as he spell'd,
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.

The voyage that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich, was at an end;
Where Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Embr'd his Nancy on the shore,
He then the 'bacco box display'd,
And cry'd, and seiz'd the charm'd maid,
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two.

A Famous Sea Fight

BETWEEN

CAPTAIN WARD

AND THE

RAINBOW,



STRIKE up ye lufly gallants,
With muskets found of drum,
For there is such a rover,
Upon the sea is come;
His name is Captain Ward,
Full well it doth appear,
There has not been such a rover,
Found out these thousand years.

For he hath lent unto the king;
The sixth of January,
Bearing that he might come in,
With all his company,

And if the king will let me come,
Till I my tale have told,
I will better for my ransom,
Full thirty ton of gold.

O nav, O nav, then said the king,
O nav that must not be,
To yield to such a rover,
Myself will not agree;
He hath deceived the Frenchmen,
Likewise the king of Spain,
Then how can he be true to me,
Who has been false to twain.

With that the king provided,
A ship of worthy fame,
The Rainbow she is call'd,
If you would know her name,
And now the gallant Rainbow,
She rolls upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant Frenchmen,
To keep her company.

The Dutchmen and the Spaniards,
She made them for to flee,
Alto the bonny Frenchmen,
As the met on the sea,
When as the gallant Rainbow,
Doo come where she did lie,
Where is the Captain of that ship,
The Rainbow she did cry:

O that I am, says Captain Ward,
There's no one bids me lie,
And if thou art the king's fair ship,
I thou art welcome unto me,
I will thee what I said the Rainbow,
Our king is in great grief,
That thou shouldst lie upon the sea,
And play the errant thief,

You will not let your merchantmen,
Pals as they did before,
Such tidings to our king is come,
Which grieves his heart full sore,
With that this gallant Rainbow,
She shot out of her pride,
Full fifty good brass pieces,
Charged on every hide.

And yet these gallant shooters,
Prevailed not a pin,
Though they were brags on the outside,
Brave Ward was fleet within.

printed and sold by J. Bate, 14, Great St. Andrew's Street, Strand
Price One Penny.

(Actual size 10×14½ ins.)

Date circa 1796.

Shoot on, shoot on, said Captain Ward,
Your sport well pleaseth me,
and he that first gives over,
Shall yield unto the sea.

I never wronged an English ship,
But Turk and Dutch and Span,
Likewise the blackguard Dutchmen,
If I had known your king,
But two or three days before,
I would have said Lord Essex's life,
Whose death doth grieve me sore,

Go tell the king of England,
Go tell him thus from me,
If he reigns king of all the land,
I will raise him a fleet,
With that the gallant Rainbow,
She shot and shot in vain,
Then left the Rover's company,
And home return'd again

Our royal king of England,
Your ship's return'd again,
For Captain Ward he is so strong,
He never will be taken,
O everlastingly sad the king,
I have lost jewels three,
Which would have gone unto the sea,
and brought proud Ward to me.

The first was Lord Clifford,
Great Earl of Cumberland,
The second was Lord Mountjoy,
As you shall understand
That he was brave Lord Essex,
From field would never flee,
Who would have gone unto the sea,
and brought proud Ward to me.



POLL OF WAPPING STAIRS

Your landmen's wives with all their airs
Must strike to Poll of Wapping stairs
No tighter lads is going
From Irongate to Limehouse Hole
You'll never meet a better soul
Not while the Thames is flowing

Her father he's a jolly dog
Poll keeps him spruce and hews his grog
And never flinths his measure

She minds full well the house affairs
And seldom drinks and never swears
And isn't that a pleasure

And when we wed that happy time
The bells of Wapping all shall chime
And when we're gone to Davy
Our girls like Poll shall work and spin
Our boys like me shall serve the King
Onboard Old England's navy

Pub^d by TREVANS 79 Long Lane



Sir Gooseberry Gimcrack and Miss Squash.

Sir-Gooseberry Gimcrack was thin,
Like one of your neat dapper masters;
Miss Squash was fat up to her chin,
Like a fillet of veal upon casters;
Her eyes through his heart such darts sent,
Made whimsies in his little nob stir,
And he look'd, when a courting he went,
Like a Shrimp making love to a lobster!
Flummery, nummery, heigho! hum!

This pair went a walking one day,
Arm and arm like a fykin and feather,
Some posts chanced to stand in the way,
And monstrously close, too, together;

Sir Gooseberry whipt through, you're sure,
But Miss Squash, that dear darling of toasters,
As she was 'at made much like a skewer,
In trying, stuck fast 'tween the postes!
Squallery, baulery, heigho! hum!

Just then a mad bull that way reeled,
While Gooseberry was pulling and hauling,
So frightened, he took to his heels,
And left her there kicking and sprawling!
What became of Miss Squash ask you will—
In her fate all concerned *con amore*,
Why there she may be kicking still,
For I never heard more of the story!
Kickery, &c.

Batchelar, Painter, Long Alley, Finsbury Square.



‘Caroline’s Arrival.

Evans, Printer, Long Lane, London.

COME, Britons all; rejoice and sing
At the return of Caroline, our Queen;
Your voices raise with heartfelt glee,
Now she return’d, from danger free.

CHORUS.

All hail Caroline to Old England’s shore,
Let’s hope thou wilt depart no more.

In foreign parts long time thou hast roam’d,
Away from country, away from home;
But now, return’d unto fair Albion’s Isle,
Each true Briton greets thee with a smile

Thy enemies long have try’d in vain
Thy character and virtue for to stain;
But still our hearts are set on thee,
Hoping you soon our Queen may be.

With thy Royal Husband, may you soon
crown’d,
Love and pleasure between ye abound;
All broils and discord ever cease;
And live in comfort and in peace.



RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN

Printed and sold by T. Batchelar, opposite the
Refuge, Hackney Road

Last new year's morn, as I've heard say,
Richard he mounted his dapple gray,
And away he rode from Taunton Dean,
To court the parson's daughter Jane.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

New buckskin breeches, Sunday hose,
And Dick put on his holiday clothes,
Besides a new hat upon his head,
Which was bedeck'd with ribbons red

Then on he rode without dread or fear,
Till he came to the house of his sweet dear,
Where he knock'd and shouted, and bellow'd
'halloo!'

Be the folks at home? say aye or no

A fervant quickly let Dick in,
That he his courtship might begin:
He strutted up and down the hall,
And loudly for Miss Jane did call.

Miss Jane came down without delay,
To hear what Richard had to say:
'I do suppose, my dear Miss Jane,
You know I be Richard of Taunton Dean

'I'm an honest lad, altho' I'm poor;
I never was in love before;
My mother sent me here to woo,
And I can fancy none but you.'

'Well, if I consent to be your bride,
Pray how will you for me provide?
For I can neither card nor spin,
Then what would your own work bring in?'

'O I can reap and I can mow,
And I can plow and I can sow;
And I goes to market to sell father's hay,
And I yarns my nine pence every day.'

'Nine pence a day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
Nine pence a day! that won't buy meat!'
'Adzooks,' cries Dick, 'I've a sack o' wheat.

'Besides, I've a house that's here hard by,
That's all my own when mother does die;
And if you'll consent to marry me now,
I'll feed ye as fat as my father's old sow.'

Dick's compliments were so polite,
That all the company laugh'd outright,
And when he'd got no more to say,
He mounted old Dobbin and rode away.



DUMBLE DUM DEARY.

Printed & sold by T. Batchelar, opposite the Refuge
for the Destitute, Hackney Road:

Last Candlemas day, a month or more,
I fell where I never did fall before;
In love it was, smack up to the chin,
And you were the beauty that bundled me in.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

When first that face I chanced to spy,
It happen'd to be promiscuously;
And that terrible troublesome couple of eyes,
O, they bother'd my gig at such a size.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

I com'd up to Lunnun this blessed day,
My mind without disguise to say;
Of all my chattels I'll give ye jutt half,
My cottage, my cow, myself, and my calf.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

I've oats and wheat, barley and rye,
And plums and apples for pudding or pie;
Of pudding, when boil'd in the family bag,
You're welcome to eat while you're able to wag.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

I've crockery, cabbage plants, chairs, & a screen,
Two coats, a smock frock, and a thrashing machine;

Pig troughs, and pantaloons three or four pair,
All which you are welcome to use or to wear.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

I never get tipsy except at the fair,
Which you'll never see as you never go there;
And left home should seem lonely and you make
a fuß,
I'll get you three or four children to nurse.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

Then you'll lead such a life, you'll have nothing
to do,
But to wash, mend, churn, mangle, milk, cook,
bake, and brew;
And for lying in bed, 'twill be all your own way,
For you needn't get up till near break of day.

Dumble dum deary, &c.

Mayhap you may fancy I promise too much,
But twenty such blessings I ne'er shall begrudge;
And if a plain heart you are willing to win,
For further particulars inquire within.

Dumble dum deary, &c.



The Rover.

Emm, printer, Long-lane, London.

PERHAPS I may never behold you
again,

Said Tom to dear Emma, his wife,
But while I am sailing the fathomless main,
Exposing to danger my life—

Be true to the vows you have constantly
made,

Be true to your Tom, my dear wife,
Ne'er suffer the spoiler my place to invade,
Be faithful amidst ev'ry strife.

These children — Oh! succour and keep
them from harm,

While from them I'm forced to roam,
The thought, 'midst all dangers, this bosom
will warm,

'Till again I return to this home—
And then, my dear Emma, what joy 'twill
impart

To find you've been constant and true!
No more can I say—see! they call us to
part—

Adieu! my dear Emma—adieu!

LORD BATEMAN

LORD Bateman he was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree
He shipped himself on board a ship,
Some foreign country he would go see.

He sailed East, and he sailed West,
Until he came to proud Turkey,
Where he was taken and put to prison,
Until his life was almost weary.

And in this prison there grew a tree,
It grew so stout and strong,
Where he was chained by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

This Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest creature my eyes did see,
She stole the keys of her father's prison.
And swore Lord Bateman she would set free

Have you got houses have you got lands,
Or does Northumberland belong to thee,
What would you give to the fair young lady
That out of prison would set you free.

I have got houses, I have got lands.
And half Northumberland belongs to me,
I'll give it all to the fair young lady,
That out of prison would set me free.

O then she took him to her father's hall,
And gave to him the best of wine,
And every health she drank unto him,
I wish Lord Bateman that you were mine.

Now in seven years I'll make a vow,
And seven years I'll keep it strong,
If you'll wed with no other woman,
I will wed with no other man.

O then she took him to her father's harbour
And gave to him a ship of fame,
Farewell farewell to you Lord Bateman,
I'm afraid I ne'er shall see you again.

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And fourteen days well known to thee,
She packed up all her gay cloathing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see,

But when she came to Lord Bateman's castle
So boldly she rang the bell, (porter
Who's there; whose there cry'd the proud
Who's there come tell me more.

O is this Lord Bateman's castle.
Or is his Lordship here within.
O yes, O yes, cried the young porter,
He's just now t'en his new bride in

O tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
Who did release him when close confin'd

Away away went this young proud porter
Away away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber
Down on his bended knees fell he.

What news what news, my proud young porter
What news hast thou brought unto me
There is the fairest of all young creatures
That e'er my two eyes did see.

She has got rings on every finger,
And round one of them she has got three
And as much gay cloathing round her mid
As would buy all Northumberland. ~~She~~

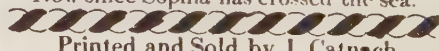
She bids you send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady,
Who did release you when close confin'd

Lord Bateman he then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying I will give all my father's riches,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea

Then up spoke the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free.
You'll not forget my only daughter,
That if Sophia has crossed the sea

I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's neither the better nor worse for me
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three.

Lord Bateman prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee.
I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now since Sophia has crossed the sea.



Printed and Sold by J. Catnach.
2, Monmouth-Court, 7 Strand.

Just Published a variety of Beautiful Battledores
Sold by Bennett, Edward-street, Brighton, and
5 Palace-square

THE DARBY RAM.

As I was going to Darby,

All on a market day,

I met the finest ram, Sir,

That ever was fed on hay.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, Sir,

For I never was taught to lie,

And if you'll go to Darby, Sir,

You may see it as well as I.

The wool upon his back, Sir,

Reach'd up into the sky,

The eagles built their nests there,

For I heard the young ones cry!

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The wool upon his belly,

It dragg'd upon the ground,

It was sold at Darby town, Sir,

For forty thousand pound.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The space between the horns, Sir,

Was far as man could reach,

And there they built a pulpit,

But no one in it preached.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The teeth that were in his mouth, Sir,

Were like a regiment of men,

And the tongue that hung between, Sir,

Would have din'd 'em twice and again.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

This ram jump'd o'er a wall, Sir,

His tail caught on a briar,

It reach'd from Darby town, Sir,

All into Leicestershire.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

And of this tail so long, Sir,

The length you know full well,

They made a goodly rope, Sir

To toll the market bell.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

This ram had four legs to walk upon,

This ram had four legs to stand,

And every time he shifted them,

He cover'd an acre of land.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

All the maids in Darby,

Came begging for his horns,

To take them to the coopers,

To make them milking gawns.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The little boys of Darby,

They came to beg his eyes,

To roll about the streets, Sir,

They being of football size.

Indeed, sir, it's a truth, &c.

The butcher that kill'd this ram, Sir,

Was drowned in the blood,

And all the people of Darby,

Were carried away in the flood.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The tanner who tann'd his hide, Sir,

I'm sure he'll never be poor,

When he hang'd it out to 'dry, Sir,

It cover'd all Swinscoe moor.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, &c.

The jaws that were in his head, Sir,

They were so fine and thin,

They were sold to a Methodist parson,

For a pulpit to preach in.

Indeed, Sir, it's a truth, Sir

For I never was taught to lie,

And if you go to Darby, Sir,

You may eat a bit of the pie.



THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

TWAS in the good ship Rover,
I sailed the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touched British ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight for Portugal,
Right fore-and-aft we bore,
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore;
She lay, so it did shake her,
A log upon the main,
Till saved from Davy's locker,
We went to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and lightning, hailing,
The horrors of the fight;
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I when they'd eased my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popt off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled,
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I am disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier:
The King, God bless his royalty,
Who saved me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.



POOR BLACK BESS

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher 177, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

WHEN fortune, blind goddess, she fled my abode,
And friends proved ungrateful I took to the road,
To plunder the wealthy, to relieve all distress,
I bought thee to aid me, my poor Black Bess.

No vile whip or spur did thy sides ever gall,
For none didst thou need, thou would'st bound at my call,
For each act of kindness thou didst me caress,
Thou wert never ungrateful, my poor Black Bess.

When dark sable midnight its mantle had thrown,
O'er the bright face of nature how oft have we gone,
To famed Hounslow-Heath tho' an unwelcome guest,
To the minions of fortune, my poor Black Bess.

How silent thou'st stood when a carriage I've stopt,
And their gold and their jewels its inmates have dropt,
No poor man I plundered, o'er'did oppress
The widow or orphan, my poor Black Bess.

When Argus-eyed justice did me hotly pursue,
From London to York like lightning we flew,
No toll bar could stop thee, thou the river didst brook,
And in twelve hours reached it, my poor Black Bess.

But fate darkens o'er me, despair is my lot,
The law does pursue me through a cock that I shot;
To save me, poor brute, thou didst do thy best,
Thou art worn out and weary, my poor Black Bess.

Hark! the bloodhounds approach, but they never shall have,

A beast like thee noble, so faithful and brave;
Thou must die, my dumb friend, tho' it does me distress,
There! there! I have shot thee! my poor Black Bess.

And in after ages when I'm dead and gone,
This tale will be handed from father to son;
My fate some may pity, but all will confess,
'Twas in kindness I killed thee, my poor Black Bess.

No one can say that ingratitude dwelt
In the bosom of Turpin, 'twas a vice he ne'er felt;
I shall die like a man, and soon be at rest,
Then farewell for ever, my poor Black Bess.

450.

THE ASHANTEE WAR

OR SOLDIERS FAREWELL.



W. S. FORTEY, Printer, Monmouth Ct., London, W.O.

The Ashantee War; or Soldier's Farewell.

Oh, sister, I must soon be going,
From you all I must depart.
When I'll return there is no know-
ing.

It will break our darling mother's
heart.

Our British flag has been insulted,
To face the enemy we fly,
Our soldiers they will do their duty,
We'll conquer, sister dear, or die.

Chorus.

Farewell, sister, I may never see
your loving face again,
I'll think of you, my mother, ever—
perhaps in the war I may be
slain.

When duty calls we must obey,
Though in this battle I may fall,
Then cheer up, mother, leave off
sighing,

Oh, trust to him that guards us
all.

My wife and children I must leave
them,

What my heart feels no tongue
can tell.

To conquer or to die we're going,
Good-bye, mother, fare thee well.

Then if I fall I'll die contented.
If our brave lads the victory gain,
There's many a son and loving hus-
band.

Leaves those behind in grief and
pain.

The ship is waiting for to take us,
Our lads they're ready for the
fight,

Then let me kiss your cheek, dear
mother,

I'll think of home both day and
night.

I dreamt I heard the cannons rattle,
I thought the deadly fight was
o'er,

I thought my darling wife and
children,

They met me at our cottage door.
I woke, and found it was but fancy,
The soldier's dream—it was not
true,

Then good-bye, mother, Heaven
bless thee,

With laurels I'll return to you.

NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

THE principle guiding the choice of the illustrations has been to give as comprehensive a view as possible of the Broadside Ballad in its various forms and uses. Unfortunately, many interesting sheets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, owing to their employment of copper or mezzotint engraving, do not lend themselves to reproduction by zinc blocks. No. I. is a specimen of seventeenth century elegy. Nos. II., VI., VII. and XII. shew the narrative ballad at various dates. No. III. is popular satire, No. IV. a carol. No. VIII. is an example of comic song. Nos. IX. and XV. are songs on contemporary events. Broadside variants of folksongs appear in Nos. X. and XIII., while No. V., VII. and XIV. represent three of a vast host of nautical songs, shewing the influence of Charles Dibdin and intended for sale amongst the sea-faring folk at ports. No attempt has been made to give an unfair impression of the Broadside by the inclusion of examples that were not typical of their class. Let the reader not be impatient with their crudity, but keep in mind the fact that these sheets were not intended for polite drawing-rooms or studies, but were the every-day fare of the streets, and read by labourers, sailors and farm-hands. Let the reader also make a mental comparison with the examples here given with the twopenny novelette and the "Song Album" of to-day and draw his own conclusions.



1920.

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